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MATUTINAL MINUTES

REV^D C. R. TOLLEMACHE

Matutinal Minutes,

BEING

SHORT SERMONS

PREACHED CHIEFLY AT MATTINS,

AT S. MATTHIAS', STOKE NEWINGTON,

BY THE

REV. C. R. TOLLEMACHE, M. A.

Assistant Curate.

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ADVENT.

"*The patient waiting for Christ.*"—2. Thess. iii., v.

WHAT a very different way we have of thinking about the Second Coming of Christ from what the first Christians had! Practically, we say "My Lord delayeth His Coming" "Where is the promise of His Coming; for since the fathers fell asleep, all things continue as they were from the foundation of the world."

The blessed Apostle could not say of any congregation now, much less of any church, "I thank my God always on your behalf for the grace of God which is given you by Jesus Christ, that in everything ye are enriched by him; in all utterance and in all knowledge, so that ye come behind in no gift *waiting for the Coming of our Lord Jesus Christ.*"

The truth is we have forgotten that the Office of the Church of Christ on earth is to prepare men for the Second Coming of Christ. The great Spiritual truth of Her betrothal is that on which rests Her mission to prepare Herself for perfect union with Her Lord.

We think of a holy life rather as a preparation for a happy death than as a preparing of the soul for Christ. Religious people act on the supposition that the end of the world is indefinitely postponed, and that our own end is the great thing to prepare for. We know that the Apostles expected our Lord's Second Coming, and yet that centuries and centuries have rolled by, and still He is not here; and we argue that what has been will be. And we shall go on in our blindness, and perchance our children after us, till one day shall undeceive the world and Jesus shall indeed come, and men will be like the foolish virgins, unprepared to meet Him.

The Christian Sect commonly called Irvingites has brought pointedly into prominence the old Christian attitude of watching and waiting for Christ. For it would seem that God brings good out of evil, and that sects are from time to time permitted to arise and bring into prominence certain forgotten truths and doctrines and force them on the attention of the Catholic Church. And I, for one, think that we owe it to this sect that it has brought forward this aspect of Primitive Christianity, and made Churchmen think of it, and perchance paved the way to a purer faith and a holier life among Christians.

How beautiful a thing was the "patient waiting" for Christ, which was the normal attitude of the early Christian Church! Amidst rampant heathenism and oppressing Judaism, the faithful few toiled on "thro' evil report and good report," brightened by an ever-

present hope—the hope of their Lord's Second Coming.

That hope lightened their sorrows, and chastened, and yet intensified their joys—it was with them "in their going out, and in their coming in"—it sanctified every deed; it purified every thought and word! The Betrothed was waiting for her Bridegroom. He only tarried; and when a few blessed martyrs received their crowns, it was no sign that the Bridegroom had deserted Her; on the contrary it was a sign of His love. Those souls He had surely loved with a special love. He had taken them to Himself before the final consummation.

It was thus that the first followers of the Crucified looked on their life on earth "a life hid with Christ in God"—a life taken out of the world around—a life spiritual and unworldly—one as different from what is now called Christianity, as light is from darkness. I say nothing of their doctrine or their worship, how much deeper and purer and full of faith was one; how much more solemn and dignified and seemly the other than what most people suppose. I speak only of the spiritual life of the Christian Church as a body, and that spiritual life was "patient waiting for Christ."

We have lost that perpetual Advent in which they lived. It is only for these few weeks before Christmas that our minds are specially directed to the thought of our Lord's Second Coming.

And because we do not think of His coming again, though we profess it every day in the Creed, therefore the Church has practically relaxed her discipline, and

Christians do not live as those should who are daily expecting Him who "shall sit as a refiner and purifier of gold and silver."

And again, the evil is reversed. Because Christians are lax in their Christianity. therefore they come to ignore their Lord's appearing, and not wait or even wish for it. And thus the Church goes further from Her Lord, and becomes neither cold nor hot, but lukewarm.

For is not this the reason why we don't look forward to our Lord's Second Coming, whether it is to happen now or in ten thousand years? We do not live for it, therefore we do not wish for it; we do not wish for it, therefore we do not live for it. Aye, we come behind in every gift, and if we could we would put off our Lord's coming if we thought He were near. As the hymn beautifully says, "Grace hath scarcely found us, ere Death finds out his victims in the dark."

O God, the Holy Spirit, teach us this "patient waiting for Christ"—teach us it in time of trouble and of persecution for the Truth's sake—teach us in the time of prosperity and of health—in time of over-much confidence, and in time of despondency and faithlessness. "It is good that a man should both hope and quietly wait for the Salvation of God." "We believe that Thou shalt come to be our Judge; we therefore pray Thee help thy servants, whom Thou hast redeemed with Thy Precious Blood."

CHRISTMAS.

"There was a little city, and few men within it: and there came a great king against it, and besieged it, and built great bulwarks against it: Now there was found in it a poor wise man, and he by his wisdom delivered the city: yet no man remembered that same poor man."—*Eccles.* ix. 14, 15.

How beautifully that little parable describes the scheme of redemption. It is as the inspired writer looked at redemption from God's point of view. For He sees from high Heaven, deep down among unnumbered worlds—this little earth, and there is trouble, and sorrow, and pain, and sin there. It is not what He made it. An enemy has been there and marred the beauty of the work. That "great king" Satan—the "prince of the power of the air," has been there, and fought against it. How shall "the little city" be delivered? Shall the princely Michael and Gabriel, and Raphael in their glory swiftly lead God's army on as of old, and chase the usurper from earth, as once

they did from Heaven? No; He will conquer by weakness.—His "strength shall be perfected in weakness." Riches and power and might cannot make the enemy raise that siege. But there is a certain "poor man," whom God has ordained, an inhabitant of that "little city," and He by His wisdom delivered that city out of the hand of the spoiler. "There was found in the city a poor wise man, and He by His wisdom delivered the city.

Who was the wise man but Jesus—the "wisdom," or "word of God"—born a little child to day? What was the "little city," but this world of ours which He delivered by His Incarnation? Happy victory won by a little child! Oh! what a triumphant jubilee for angels and men that such "a man is born into the world,"—born and laid not in gold and purple, but in the straw. For thus "the King of Kings, and Lord of Lords," chose to defeat Satanic strength by self-chosen weakness. The Wisdom of God, yea God Himself for ever resides in His own awful fullness in this "poor wise man." And it is that Divine Wisdom, that wondrous mystery of divine invention that delivers the city. "The Gods are come down to us in the likeness of men," said the heathen worshippers of S. S. Paul and Barnabas, for the heathen had some glimmering of the great mystery of God made man. God is become man, say we who know the truth, though we may not solve the mystery. God has taken human nature into the Godhead, and for ever bound together in one the two natures of God and man; and

thus the great siege of Satan is defeated and his hosts are put to flight and the city is delivered by the little child Jesus.

But all our services tell us this great truth. It meets us at every turn in our Christmas rejoicings. For Christmas is a time more for devotional and domestic happiness, than for mere teaching. We may give up ourselves to the holy and happy influence of the time, so we do not think only of our own joy. For selfishness in joy is one danger of our festival keeping. We read that the few men in the little city, after they were delivered, forgot all about their deliverer. He, by his wisdom, delivered the city, yet no man remembered that same poor man. I dare say the rich people entertained one another and ate and drank and danced at one another's houses, and no harm either, if they had not forgot the poor man who delivered them. Now we want to keep in our minds at Christmas, the beautiful picture of the Saviour's birth. We want, in our Christmas rejoicings, to remember our Deliverer. We want to have imprinted in our hearts the manger at Bethlehem; and then we shall remember to make within our souls a better birth place for Christ than a manger; then we shall remember 'that same poor man' in His poor, and give them a portion of those good things with which we entertain one another.

I have made the "little city" stand for the world. Let us narrow our interpretation, and let the light of the written word fall on Bethlehem. "Thou Bethle-

hem, though thou be little among the cities of Judah, yet out of thee shall come a Governor that shall rule my people Israel."

In that "little city" was found the "poor wise man." No one knew anything about Him. Only a poor young woman had asked for a lodging that day at the inn, but there was no room for her or for the old man by her side. For the town was full of rich people who had come up to be enrolled at the Cæsar's command. So she went to pass the night in a dark stable underground, and there at midnight the wondrous mystery took place. God was born into the world a little child; God was *found* there. The shepherds found him. "Ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes." They left their flocks at the glad news, there was no danger from wolves that night, for He was born to make the wolf and the lamb lie down together, and He, the Lamb lay among the cattle whom He had made. There in very truth Heaven was come down upon earth, and while the rich man slept in his bed at the inn, or caroused perchance over his drunken revel, Angels hovered round the manger in delighted adoration, and with transports of joy their voices and Mary's united in one sweet lullaby to that Child, and that song went up to Heaven, and sounded in the ears of the Eternal Father, the praise of His own unspeakable love. But none knew of all this at Bethlehem. The "wise man" had delivered the city; but the inhabitants slept, and none knew or cared for Him who was born "king of the Jews."

Thus silently did God reveal himself in the flesh. Of old He came down on Sinai in cloud, and majesty, and awe. Now, though the manner of His coming is more wondrous still, it is yet more hidden and humble. There is no outward royalty—Its magnificence lies in the bare fact of the accomplishment of that beautiful scheme by which the word should be made flesh. The awfulness of the Divine Presence is lost in the splendour of love and mercy with which God has entered the ranks of man, and been born a little child, the Saviour of the world. Fear is cast out in the admiring love with which we greet our God who has come to walk and talk with man, as He did of old in Eden.

Little city! and yet He lies there who is the "desire of all nations;" "whom the Heaven of Heavens cannot contain." What shall we say more but this—To-day we re-visit the 'little city' with the shepherds and kings. To day is the birthday of the poor wise man. Everything reminds us of it. Our altar is as it were the manger of the infant Jesus! for there he reveals himself under the sacramental veil, even as at Bethlehem, He revealed himself under the veil of our flesh. Yea, every celebration of the Blessed Sacrament—what is it but a pledge of the reality of the incarnation? The Blessed Sacrament could not have been if He had not come in the flesh. Its presence among us therefore is a token and pledge that He has so come. Thus the Word made Flesh evermore dwells with us. What is the Holy Eucharist but a mystic birth of Christ among

us, as well as a shewing forth of his death? What is Communion but a new birth of Christ in our souls? Ah! let us make our communions more and more like this, "until Christ be formed" in us, that we being already "regenerate," may thus daily be "renewed."

And now I would only say this—I have spoken of the feelings and ways with which we should greet our infant King. Let us also greet one another "in Christ" with no mere formal greeting, but from our hearts, in peace and in goodwill, the good old fashioned Christmas salutation. Let us all, rich and poor, priests and people, wish one another this good wish. I am glad to have this opportunity of doing so, for, from the necessity of the case, it is impossible that the clergy should be personally known to all the members of a congregation like this, and so without dividing you into families or individuals, I regard you as part of that great body to deliver which our dear Lord was born, and I wish you a "Happy Christmas."

SEPTUAGESIMA.

"*Fearfully and wonderfully made.*"—Psalm cxxxix. 14.

We read to-day of the origin of all things. Straightway our thoughts go back into that chaos when the earth was formless and empty and void; and we are told how the Good Father brought form out of confusion, and beauty out of disorder, and fulness out of void, and light out of darkness, till at length the earth stood out in fair array, teeming with wondrous forms on land, and water, and in air, and all creation joined in one grand hum of unconscious praise to its Creator.

Ah! but one thing yet remained: everything was good that God had made; but Man was the last Creation, and not till God had made man in His own image did He pronounce His creation *very* good.

For the Creation had then come forth perfect out of the mind of God. It was the expression of the thoughts of God; it was so to speak like a poem or picture or master-piece of harmony dwelling from all

Eternity in God, but at length moving into outward form that God might see before Him the reflexion of His own love, and might rejoice in it and, in its highest work of all, might see and love His own likeness and for ever have His "delights with the sons of men."

The popular theology of the day does not represent man as 'fearfully and wonderfully made.' Scientific men will tell you indeed that he is a wonderful piece of mechanism, regarded as a simple animal, or that he is a marvellous combination of certain chemical substances, and so on. But this is not what the Psalmist meant, David was thinking of man as God's work when he said, "I will give thanks unto Thee for I am fearfully and wonderfully made. My substance was not hid from Thee when I was made in secret and curiously wrought in the lowest parts of the earth. Thine eyes did see my substance yet being unperfect, and in thy book were all my members written, which day by day were fashioned, when as yet there was none of them."

And yet, notwithstanding all this care in fashioning the body of one who is God's Image, the popular theology of the day talks about the body as if it were a mere temporary covering of the soul which we throw off for ever as useless when we die. O England, when wilt thou be Catholic once more? When those Articles of the Faith, "I believe in the Communion of Saints and the Resurrection of the Body" are enshrined, not only in a glorious confession of faith, but

in the hearts of our people, and the faithful departed are once more openly restored to that place in our prayers which now, save by implication, knows them no more—God help us!

Anyhow, let us get out of that way which some good but mistaken people indulge, of talking of the body as if it were only an evil thing which we shall be well rid of when we die.

For the perfect state, that one in which we were created, can only be realised in the union of body and soul. By that union man was made in the likeness of God. By the union of that nature with the nature of God, Christ came and redeemed our fallen state and made the bodies of Christians what St. Paul calls them, "temples of the Holy Ghost." The body therefore is the natural dwelling place of the soul, aye, more than that, the very companion and handmaid of the soul—made to serve its purposes and minister to its will, and obey its directions.

The body is nearly always ready to be our servant, my friends. We need but will, and ordinarily we can make our bodies do what we want—if it be only within human power.

Well now, these few days of preparation for Lent, remind us of a use of our bodies by which they may be made to serve our souls. I need not say I do not sympathise with those who would drown all mirth, and cheer, and good fellowship. I believe they unconsciously do the devil's own work. But there is a time for all things, and the Holy Season

to which Septuagesima is leading us, reminds us of a higher purpose for which our bodies were made, a higher purpose than feasting, and dancing, and merry-making, and more capable of giving us lasting joy and peace.

Let me say a few words about this subject, and how this way of looking at our bodies bears on our religion.

To the Christian then, man is "fearfully and wonderfully made," because he is made of the same substance as his Lord. That nature which we bear, Jesus also took and bears on Him now in Heaven. He is not unclothed of our nature, and we shall not be unclothed of it either but "clothed upon" at the general resurrection. We bear then the image of God, for we bear the body which God has taken into Godhead. We bear about with us a house which the Holy Spirit claims as His temple. In some real though mysterious sense analogous to His presence at the altar, "God dwells in us." And in that He has made the human body capable of containing Godhead, and of being united to Him who fills Heaven and earth, He has brought about an incomprehensible mystery—the mystery of a Christian man's being "Man fearfully and wonderfully made."

Why did God become man? Why was this mystery wrought? It was that the purpose of the Divine mind might not be frustrated by man's sin and Satan's malice. It was that God's harmony might not be put out of tune. It was to repair the evil which the fall had wrought. It was to give man a pattern after which the Father would have us be moulded.

Looking to Jesus "fearfully and wonderfully made," the "perfect image of His Father's person," man sees the human body trampling over weakness, and sorrow, and suffering, and sin, and man learns from that sight to suffer and be tempted, and sorrowful, and weak, and yet be strong, for the strength of Jesus is his strength. Looking to Jesus who ever from His mother's arms to His death on the cross, knew how to keep under His body and bring it into subjection, man learns—at least the Christian learns—the duty and the power of self-discipline, and abstinence, and self-denial. Thinking of Jesus in the wilderness, on the mount, on the sea, in the garden, man learns that if we would be like Jesus, we must have times when we may retire from lawful pursuits, and pleasures, and be alone with God, and our own souls, and meditate on our own mysterious being and life; why we are made; what purpose we serve; what we are doing; whither we are going.

In all these exercises, my friends, the body is the handmaid of the soul. "I keep under my body," said St. Paul, knowing that, under God's grace, the body was the instrument which influenced the soul—win that fortress, and, please God, he would win all.

It wants some little time to Lent; but our private devotions during that time would be well spent by this thought—How by God's grace shall I so rule my body in which I am thus "wonderfully made" that my soul shall be better prepared to meet my God? How shall I so govern the motions of the eye, the tongue, the hand, so as to bring them into subjection to the law of

Christ, and use them as if they were Christ's eye, Christ's tongue, Christ's hand? How shall I prove by God's grace that I who have so marred God's image by sin, have yet a place and a right in Him who is the "perfect image of the Eternal Father?"

O man, "fearfully and wonderfully made." O man, fearfully and wonderfully marred; terribly fallen from grace, and yet again and again renewed, give thanks to thy God: from chastened body and soul renewed by grace, sound forth the praises of Him who united a human soul and body to His Godhead, that thou mightest be "partaker of His Divine nature."

HOLY WEEK.

"*Strong crying and tears.*"—Hebrews v. 7.

It is a rare thing to see genuine tears fall from the eyes of a man, and when they do come they are the index either of a tender heart or of great mental suffering. I take the Tears of Jesus then as a part of His Passion for us. It seems from this passage about our Lord "Who in the days of His Flesh, when He had offered up supplications and prayers with strong crying and tears unto Him that was able to save Him from death,"—as if this tear shedding formed part of that dreadful suffering in the Garden of the Passion.

In the Gospel we read of two occasions on which "Jesus wept." One was at the grave of Lazarus, the other was when He wept over the City of Jerusalem; but I look on these words of the Apostle as indicating a third tear-shedding, not tears for the death of His friend, nor for the city and Temple of His Father, but tears for us, tears for you and me, real tears, tears

intensely human, tears drawn from the tender loving heart of the man Christ Jesus.

Thus there was no way in which our dear Lord did not give Himself for us; no manner of suffering which He did not undergo, "Himself took our infirmities, and bare our sicknesses." He underwent the agony and bloody sweat, the crown of thorns, the purple robe of mock sovereignty, the insults, the hard beating and scourging, the long agony of crucifixion, and here we have the passion of tears. What shall we say about the passion of tears! What shall we say about the tears of Jesus! And if we begin, where shall we end? For the thought leads us down into the deep well of His Love, and overwhelms us with countless thoughts crowding on one another, thoughts of the boundless wealth of His compassion, thoughts of our own hard hearts and dry eyes, and ingratitude, thoughts of the minuteness with which He the First-born paid to the Eternal Father, not the tithe only of the riches of His Love, but the very last farthing in a world, aye, an universe of merits.

The "strong crying and tears" of Jesus draw us near to Him, "with cords of a man with bands of love." They speak to us with greater tenderness,—though with less power—than even the other details of His passion. It is an aspect of His passion so entirely human. It is a love so within our reach. Its expression is so familiar to us. We see tears almost every day, sometimes very real tears, and they move us by their very weakness. Jesus consents, nay, He earnestly longs

to move us to love Him by the human weakness of tears. A mere philosopher would have thought himself above tears. He would have done and suffered much for his fellow-men, it may be, but he would not have wept for them. But Jesus is as much nearer to us in His tears as He is above the mere philosopher or philanthropist with his cold reason and justice and magnanimity.

And then we ought to love Jesus weeping because our eyes are so without tears for our own souls. But *His* " head is waters, and His eyes a fountain of tears weeping day and night for the slain of the daughter of His people." Our souls may well be washed by *His* tears. *We* have none. We weep only for own misfortunes, not for His, not for our sins. Blessed Magdalene washed Her Lord's feet with tears; but we cannot even say with David, " Put my tears into thy bottle." God grant us true compunction, though it find no vent in weeping, lest we be among those who shall " find no place for repentance, though they seek it carefully and with tears."

These are the few thoughts that strike us out of many while we read of Jesus weeping. For us rained down those tender rain drops of sorrow, bright glistening sacraments of His Love. And the roundness of each drop was a symbol of the world for which his tears were shed, and in its clearness was reflected the sorrow-stricken face of Him who shed it. Yea, the grave of Lazarus was moistened with the human tear drops of the *Man* before it was

opened at the Divine Word of Him who is perfect God. A glorious earnest for the mourner was that scene, of the time when "God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes." And Jerusalem was wept over because the time of her desolation was nigh; but still those tears were tears of compassion. They were symbols of His love for a city still dearer to Him. For are not we the "new Jerusalem," "the City of the Lord," objects of the sorrow and love of Jesus, and (may we hope?) sharers in the joy of Jesus?

Hail, tears of Jesus! bright diamonds that went with the ruby drops of the Precious Blood to redeem us from sin and death. Make us for very shame, for very love and gratitude to weep something for sin, before the Sun of Righteousness arises, and out of the shower of sorrow makes rise into light and beauty the fair rainbow of Easter.

EASTER EVE.

EASTER is a more triumphant festival than Christmas, and yet it is more chastened and less domestic. It is more triumphant, because the victory of Christ over Death and Hades was a more obvious triumph than His birth—and it is more chastened, because the memory of His sufferings is so recent.

To-night we anticipate our Easter joy. We begin the feast in a way, and yet that beginning is obviously intended by our Church, as shown in her lessons, to be chastened with thoughts of death, glorious and hopeful thoughts indeed, but still death-thoughts. It is a wonderfully busy time for the soul of Christ, this "Great Sabbath," as the early church called it—which our Lord kept in the grave in His body, while His Soul went down to Hades.

It is a change to us of many things. It is a change of an outward ordinance—the seventh day, or Jewish Sabbath of rest—which our Lord fulfilled by resting in the grave—into the "Lord's Day," the day of resurrection—our Sunday, or first day.

It is the day in which the Lord's rest in the grave, and the descent of His soul into hades, won for our bodies a glorious resurrection, and for our souls a better state than they could otherwise have had. "When Thou hadst overcome the sharpness of death, Thou didst open the Kingdom of Heaven to all believers."

In the 14th chap. Zech., 6th and 7th verses, it is written:—"It shall come to pass in that day, that the light shall not be clear nor dark, but it shall be one day which shall be known to the Lord, neither day nor night, but shall come to pass, that at eventide it shall be light." These words seem to represent to us the kind of day that Easter Eve is to us—not joyous, and yet not grievous, and yet, at eventide, joyous—because our even-song tells us of the victory nearly won, and anticipates the notes of our Easter joy. The place of the departed, Easter Eve tells us, is lighted up at the close of the long day of ages when our Lord's soul separated from His body, which lay in the tomb of the Arimathæan, threw down the doors, and brought to the inmates the Gospel of what He had won for them. Thus it was not enough for His love, that He should provide for those who were then alive on the earth, and, by the apostolic ministry, for all who should ever live, the blessings of the gospel; but He would win from Satan the kingdom of departed souls, and would preach Himself to "the spirits in prison," and "under the altar crying out, How long O Lord, How long?"

Just as when we pass through a tunnel, we see a little light at the end like a lamp, and, as we near it, it gets larger and clearer, and "shineth more and more unto the perfect day," so the passage of the Saviour's Body through the grave, and of His Soul through hell, has shown us the end, and "the darkness is past and the true light now shineth." And our new-found Easter joy is a symbol of the Easter Gospel. "The Saviour has past through its portals before thee. And the lamp of His love, is thy light through the gloom."

So our modern poet beautifully says :—

"The mysteries of mysteries;
The souls that still in dimness dwell,
Deep in the Church invisible,
From doubt and care remote,
They too shall keep the feast to-day,
And to their cells though far away,
The hymn of joy shall float."

This day then specially unites us to the departed in "the communion of saints." It is another All-Souls day. Our Lord has carried out His redemption for the dead, as well as for the living, He has "the keys of hell and of death," and gloriously He uses them. We may think of the blood and water that flowed from the dead heart that the soldier pierced—as if they flowed for the dead. The Eucharist we celebrate to-day has a marked signification. The beautiful rite of covering the blessed sacrament with the fair linen cloth reminds us of the pious care of S. Joseph who wrapped our

Lord's body in fine linen. The teaching of the office throughout, referring to that Dead Body, reminds us of that great offering on the altar of the Cross, which was sufficient for the dead as for the living.

It would take too long to enter on the question of praying for the dead. It is sufficient that it is a pious practice of every age, incorporated in the liturgies of the primitive church, and accepted by the whole catholic church. For Christians it rests on the ground that as the state of the dead was bettered by our Lord's death, and that as they have not attained yet their "perfect consummation and bliss," so we pray that in God's good time they may attain it. Wherefore let us regard this first evensong of Easter as a kind of festival of the dead. They are part of the Church, and their state affects us, and so let us begin our festival with them. Souls are rejoicing now because the soul of Jesus once came and spoke to them; souls that shall one day again be united to glorified bodies, sing to-day the praises of the soul of Jesus. To-day is their day of triumph, and ours with them, while we remember the Easter promises to the dead. Aye, while we watch at the tomb, the sounds of joy seem almost to reach us from the gates of Paradise, and the joy of the departed is ours, and our joy is theirs. "Thy dead men shall live, together with my dead body shall they arise; Awake and sing ye that dwell in the dust, for thy dew is as the dew of herbs, and the earth shall cast out the dead." "Turn you to the stronghold, ye prisoners of hope, even to-day do I

declare that I will render double unto you." "I am He that liveth and was dead, and behold I am alive for evermore, Amen, and have the keys of hell and of death."

There is triumph enough in these thoughts, for they tell us of a mighty victory. There is joy and glory in these thoughts for they tell us of a kingdom regained from Satan. What if the Easter Sun of Righteousness shines not on us for a few hours. He is lighting up the land of the dead, and making them a glorious festival, and brightening a land to which we must one day go; Yea, but a short time and that Soul and Body shall come back with healing in His wings. Though It has lain hid for a time in "earthen vessels," a "glorious treasure," yet, it "Shall be as the wings of a dove that is covered with silver wings, and her feathers like gold."

Hail beautiful Soul of Jesus, making glad for us the realms of the departed. Hail Glorious Body of Jesus, so still and cold in the tomb, yet in a few hours ready to start into action and life at the word of Him whose thou art. Hail Almighty Divinity of Jesus!! reigning over all. Rise Thou and reign over us.

Through the grave and gate of Thy triumphant and victorious death make us pass to our joyful resurrection.

FEAST OF THE ASCENSION.

"*On His Head were many Crowns.*"—Rev. xix. 12.

THERE are many ways in which we may regard the Grand Festival of our Lord's Ascension. There is what we may call, if one may use the term, its domestic aspect. It is as though our Lord's Heart longed to return to the Bosom of the Eternal Father. His own words make us think so, "If ye loved me ye would rejoice, because I said, I go unto my Father." There is the Priestly aspect—our Lord standing at the right hand of the Father to intercede for us. There is the Triumph of Humanity—that man, "the man Christ Jesus," has re-won what man had lost, that there is a human body glorified in Heaven, the pledge of the future glory of the Redeemed. There is the Divine triumph of it—Our Lord's assertion of His Divine power, the crowning by His Ascension of all the supernatural mysteries of His Conception and Birth and Death and Descent into Hell and Resurrection.

But I leave all these to consider the Royalty of our Lord in this crowning act. This is the last Festival of the Body of Jesus. To day as our hymn says, "The Flesh of God hath reigned." It is the Coronation day of King Jesus. He returns to Heaven a conquering warrior, a victorious King, King of Heaven and Earth. "He has gone up on High to obtain gifts for men, yea, even for his enemies, that the Lord God might dwell among them." "All power is given unto Him in Heaven and earth." "Henceforth He must reign till He hath put all enemies under His feet."

Let us see then what these "many Crowns" may signify.

Christ always had a kingdom, because He was always God; but he dates the first beginning of His Kingdom of Grace from the time when He first took Flesh of the Blessed Virgin Mary and was made Man.

At Bethlehem was the first manifestation of His Kingdom. Behold we there "the Crown wherewith His mother crowned," the true Solomon in "the day of His Espousals," the day when he married our human nature and wedded Heaven and Earth by joining together in one and for ever in Himself the natures of God and Man.

It may be a poor palace, that lowly stable, but the Eternal is well pleased to "lay His glory by." Nevertheless, he keeps a royal Court there. Mary and Joseph devotedly adore the Royal Child. Shepherds tender their homage to the Kingly Boy. Great Kings

bring to the King of Kings the symbols of His Sovereignty, offering Him their treasures; and all these things did these wise men as kings give unto their King. Even the oxen with their large mild wondering drowsy eyes low their humble homage to their Creator. His Incarnation then was one of "many crowns."

Yea, everywhere he asserts, however meekly, his royalty, everywhere he speaks "as one having authority." "He speaketh boldly, and they say nothing unto Him." His mother knows it, and says, "Whatever He saith unto you do it." Straightway at His word the water is made wine. Again at His word they let down the net, and inclose a great multitude of fishes. At His word the storm is calmed, and the ship is at the shore. At His word the lepers are cleansed, and the deaf hear, and the dead are raised to life. All this is done with the authority of a King.

Then there is His *triumph* as a King. At his entry into Jerusalem He is met as a king. "The royal banners forward go." Even the heathen emperor's pageant as they lead Him to death is a silent tribute to his kingship; and only a few centuries passed before the first Christian emperor bore the Cross on his standard instead of the eagle and placed under it the words, "By this sign thou shalt conquer."

His enemies proclaim in bitter mockery the truth of His Royalty, "This is Jesus the King of the Jews," and so they clothe Him in the royal robe of purple, and put a crown of thorns on His head, and a reed

in His Hand for a sceptre, and they afterwards set Him up on His Throne of the Cross, and He "reigns from the Tree." His death is a royal triumph over death and sin. It is another of His "many Crowns."

But He is buried royally too. The rich man places His body, wrapped in clean linen with spices, in a new tomb. He lies in royal state in the cold rock. No king's body was ever more jealously watched by Love and Hate, the rough Roman guardsmen and the disciples standing afar off, each watching over His Rest.

But His soul has gone into another realm of His kingdom. "Hell from beneath is moved to meet Him," as He throws down the gates and enters in triumph the city of the dead, to set the prisoners free, and make new laws for a kingdom regained. This was another crown for the head of Jesus.

And what shall we say of His glorious resurrection? So our "Joshua returned and all" the true "Israel with Him to the camp at Gilgal," where He has for ever rolled away the stone from the grave and gone forth in victorious triumph. Yea, the victory of Easter adds another to the "many Crowns" of Jesus.

Thus we come through a long series of triumph, of sorrow or of joy, to the final triumph of His Ascension. The King has re-won his earthly kingdom from an usurper, and he goes back to day to His former kingdom with glorious spoils of victory. He has led captivity captive. "On His head are many crowns," a crown for each of these successive triumphs. And

therefore the rapt Apostle of Love saw Him who loved Him so on earth, and He sat on a white horse, and on his vesture was His name written "King of Kings and Lord of Lords."

Now we can see what is meant by the prophecy "The Kingdoms of this world are become the Kingdoms of the Lord and of His Christ."

Many a Christian King has verified the truth of those words. Many kings have learnt that their authority is but an image of the royalty of Jesus.

I said that Constantine, after he became a believer in Christianity, adopted "the sign of the Son of Man" as the symbol of His own delegated authority. Our kings and queens have ever acknowledged this. The orb (one of the insignia of royalty) represents the round world, and it is surmounted by the cross, because the kingdoms of this world are become the Kingdom of Christ. Great kings and emperors have gone further than this. They have laid aside their crowns and all their royalty for ever, and learnt to be servants of all, learnt to realise in the life of the cloister and the courts of God's House that Sovereignty of God which is so often forgotten in earthly courts. And these sacrifices have been as it were like crowns given to Christ; aye, even the great Roman Empire once ruled over by a heathen, became at length the "States of the Church," again fulfilling for a time the old prophecy. And were it not that human nature is so weak and sinful and prone to misuse its power, that great empire of Rome might still, if God willed it,

be the centre of Christianity and of mild Christlike rule, instead of being the seat of arrogant tyranny or effete boasting.

But Jesus has a sovereignty on high, since he went up from the earthly kingdom. What are we told of the redeemed in glory? "They cast their crowns before the Throne." What is this, but the tribute of the court of martyrs to the kingliness of the Ascended? Their crowns are offered to Him, because from Him came the Grace by which they were won. It is the act of those redeemed ones, who joy with unspeakable ecstacy at the triumph of their king. It is one of the scenes of royalty that open on our soul's gaze in Ascension-tide, as the gates of the Eternal City lift up their heads to receive the King of Glory.

Here then is the filling up of the Royalty of our King. In this Great Festival it is ours to catch and re-echo a note of the Joy of Angels and of Saints. Our King has returned full of victory, and He tells us to rejoice if we love Him, because He has triumphed, and has taken again the glory which He had with the Father before the world began. Henceforth "He must reign till He hath put all enemies under His feet."

O it is almost too much for us to look within the veil and gaze to day like blessed Stephen on Heaven opened and the son of man standing on the right hand of God. We have been familiar with Heavenly things, but they have been Heavenly things on earth. But to gaze into Heaven! Dear friends, it can only be "through the

veil, that is to say, His Flesh." The Body of the Ascended shall to-day shroud the eyes of our souls from the excess of "light which no man can approach unto" as we look by faith into those things which no man hath seen.

And if we are dazzled by the splendour of His Heavenly Throne, we are consoled with the thought that He has in His mercy bought a kingdom for us here, and made it one with His Kingdom on High. "All power is given unto me in Heaven and earth." He said to his Apostles, "Go ye therefore into all the world." "Receive the Holy Ghost, whosoever sins ye forgive, they are forgiven." "Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world." This is the charter of the kingdom to which we belong, the kingdom in which we are all in one sense kings and priests, because we share the royalty He won for man, and because we offer Him "ourselves, our souls and bodies to be a reasonable, and holy, and lively Sacrifice."

Dear friends, our churches are the earthly courts of our King Jesus. His Altar is the Throne where we approach His Royal Presence. He, our ascended King, reigns from thousand thousand altar thrones, surrounded by His Christian court. In this respect our Eucharist is the counterpart and image of the Heavenly Court. He is head over all to His Church, far above all principality and power, and might and dominion. He has gone up on high that "He might fill all things." Wherefore we make our worship the "very image" as far as may be, of what we are told of the Heavenly things.

It only remains that we let Him come to reign in every *heart*, that we make Him a throne there before that dread day come when He shall gather out of His Kingdom all that offend.

This gift then obtain for us, O Jesus thou mighty king, crowned "with many crowns" to serve thee as Thy loyal subjects, to have Thee to reign over us. This charter make good to us on this thy Coronation Day, to have in the Joy of thy Ascension-Tide a foretaste of the future joy and crown, "unspeakable and full of glory."

WHITSUNDAY.

"*Our God is a consuming fire.*"—Hebrews xii., 29.

When I was lately reading the account of the Eruption of Mount Vesuvius, I thought how aptly it illustrated the truth of what is here told us about God. When those fearful ravages take place, we read how burning cinders are cast round the country for miles—how the broad fierce streams of lava run down the sides of the mountain—bringing terror and desolation with them—how inexpressibly grand is the red glory of the scene around.

So we read in the book of Daniel, how, when "the Ancient of Days did sit. . . . A fiery stream issued and came forth before Him."

"Our God is a consuming fire." Beneath the thin crust of the earth on which we live continual fires are said to rage. They have their outlets and safety-valves in volcanic regions, or else what would there be to hinder their sudden outspring under our very feet? The ancients so thoroughly realized this awful power of fire in nature, that they worshipped

it as God. There was a measure of truth in their error; Fire was not God, but, in a sense, God was fire. They knew that fire, like water, is our faithful and useful servant, till it gets so strong as to be our master—they knew that the fire which could cook their food, and warm their bodies, and ventilate their atmosphere, and light up their darkness, could also destroy their crops, and kill themselves, and burn up their houses. Only lately we were told of the fearful ravages made by the hot wind in Australia, which set fire to forests and farms and villages; and our own experience tells us of the awful power of lightning. Wherefore the untaught worshipped fire as God, because it was so common an object to their eyes, and of such awful power. The burning bush which Moses saw was not an uncommon sight. Travellers tell us that dry stunted shrubs are often fired by the action of the sun. Its marvel consisted in the fact that though enwrapped in flame, yet "the bush was not consumed."

In nature then we see God's awful power in fire. So is He revealed to us in Holy Scripture, as on Mount Sinai, amid fire and thunder and lightning. So Elijah was taken up to Heaven in a chariot of fire. So the sign of the true God at the sacrifice of Elijah, at Mount Carmel, was, that He answered by fire. The fire came from Heaven and consumed the sacrifice. So Isaiah's lips were purged by the live coal from God's Altar., and it was doubtless in token of the revelation of God by fire, that the command was given, "The fire shall ever be burning on the Altar; it shall never go out."

The same idea runs through the New Testament. Whereas Malachi prophesied of Christ that He "Should be like a refiner's fire," purifying the gold and silver from dross; S. John Baptist speaks of Him, "There cometh one mightier than I; He shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost and with Fire." Then we have the terrible warning "He will burn up the chaff with unquenchable fire." And then the Apostle tells us how "the Fire shall try every man's work of what sort it is."

God then is shewn to us both in nature and revelation, under the figure of fire, in its aspects of destruction, and of kindly purifying influence. How gloriously is this character verified to-day. To-day behold the Church in Her little beginning in that "upper room," with Her Baptism and Her "laying on of hands," and Her whole sacramental system confirmed by the Holy Ghost with fire. Our Lord had said, "Every one shall be salted with fire, and every sacrifice shall be salted with salt." His words are fulfilled to-day. The covenant made between God and Man is "a covenant of salt," a sure covenant. The sacrifice offered on the Cross, and commemorated on earth at the Altar, is salted with the fire of the Holy Ghost, who is the Consecrating Power in the Sacraments of the Church, as he is the Sanctifying Power in the Hearts of His People.

"Lord, wilt thou that we command fire to come down from Heaven to consume them, even as Elias did?" said the Apostles to Christ. Aye, fire should indeed

come, yet "not to destroy but to save." And so when, after their Lord was gone up, they were assembled together at that great feast of Pentecost, and "there came a sound from Heaven as of a rushing mighty wind," and a tongue of fire sat on each of them, they must have thought how gloriously the curse they wished for others was turned into a blessing to themselves. God was a consuming fire indeed, but not always of anger. He was revealed to them in the descent of the Holy Ghost at Pentecost as a Fire of Love.

One cannot help remembering that "God is a consuming fire" in another sense; that eternal punishment is the fire kindled by God's anger; but this I only allude to because it does not come under the kindly subject of the Fire of the Blessed Spirit.

The Sacrifice of old was to be entirely consumed, either by fire or by the mouths of the worshippers. Our Lord, the true sacrifice, fulfilled both these conditions. Ever consumed with the fire of Love of that Spirit who proceedeth from the Father and the Son, He is mystically consumed also by the Faithful at that Altar, where we "drink into one Spirit."

The Christian Church has her symbolism of the manifestation of God as a consuming fire. The Whitsuntide colour of the Altar and of the priests is red—the colour of fire—in memory of the fiery tongues of Pentecost. Whitsunday itself, by the way, is not a corruption of White-Sunday, but of Pentecost, and it is called "Pentecost" in the list of vigils in our Prayerbook.

What a revelation of God is Whitsunday to us. We have been in memory with Moses and the elders in the mount of fire, we have been in His Festivals with Jesus, who shall hereafter "try with fire every man's work," purifying our "gold and silver," and burning up our "wood and hay and stubble." Here then we have the special "Ministration of the Spirit." Here we have the glorious gift which the Ascended has obtained for man—the gift through which all other gifts of nature and grace are sanctified to our use—the gift which is our own in every sacramental ordinance, because in all these is "the Ministration of the Spirit," in all these "Our God is a consuming fire."

In this Festival of God the Holy Spirit, fulfilling the work of the Son, He especially asserts His Godhead. It may be that in our sympathy with the Son, as Man, having taken part in our nature, we come almost to forget the person and office of God the Holy Ghost, to look on the sacraments as the channels only of the presence of the Son. Pentecost then reminds us of the Eternal Indwelling of God the Holy Ghost in the Church. As all flesh had become the dwelling-place of the Son, through His Incarnation, so should the Holy Spirit be poured out on all flesh, and redeemed man should become the "Habitation of God through the Spirit." Pentecost tells us of that Spirit, who, first brooding on the new-born creation, is again to Christians the Life-giving Power of the "New Creation—created in Christ Jesus unto good works." God has come in human flesh "by water and blood;" now He

comes by fire. Christmas, and Good Friday, and Easter, and Ascension reveal to us our Redemption—Pentecost reveals our Sanctification.

God took manhood into God, and so raised our nature again at the Annunciation. God, at Pentecost, poured Himself out by His Spirit on all Flesh, gloriously adorning and embellishing the magnificent gift of the Incarnation.

Henceforth the elements of fire and of flesh and blood are sanctified to us by the Descent of the Holy Spirit and by the Incarnation. They remind us that God has come in our flesh; that He has made fire the emblem of His love and of His gifts; that He has made water the Channel of His purifying grace, and flesh and blood, the cause of our Soul's union with Him.

But to come to ourselves. What has all this to do with us? Dear friends, the Holy Spirit has come to dwell with us and in us. Why are there among you those who are seeking confirmation this year? Is it not that they may receive the Holy Spirit in the laying on of hands? But we have all received Him also at the Font. He dwells in us; think of that! He is the very Life of our Souls. He is the gift promised, "the Comforter whom I will send unto you from the Father." Shall we refuse our dear Lord's own gift, the gift of the Holy Spirit? He is pleading with us; shall we harden our hearts? He is pleading for us "with groanings which cannot be uttered." Shall we reject His promptings? He dwelleth in us. Shall we

set Him side by side in our Souls with the spirits of evil? His flames draw near our hearts; Shall we quench those flames with cold water out of stony hearts? O friends, if there be but the wish to be kind to our fellowmen, only the wish to bring forth the fruits of redemption and sanctification, that wish is the prompting of the Holy Spirit; that wish is the first shooting up of the flame that shall kindle all around us, destroying the bad, cherishing and warming the good, melting the frozen in our natures; that wish is the beginning of holy deeds—It is the proof of the In-dwelling of Him of whom it is said "God is Love," "Our God is a consuming fire."

With this thought then let us keep the Feast of Whitsuntide. The Holy Ghost, the Eternal God, "Who with the Father and the Son is worshipped and glorified for ever," dwells in me. He is "a consuming fire." I will give myself to him, for he can make me pure and sanctify me. He can unite my weak prayers with His own unspeakable intercessions. He can teach me where I am ignorant, and strengthen me when I am weak, and guide me when I err. Wherefore I will give myself to be guided by Him. He will burn up and consume what is ill and worthless in me, and by His kindly Fire, and Life, and Love, I shall come out as refined gold, fit to be placed as a pillar in His everlasting Temple.

COURTESY.

"*Be courteous.*"—1 S. Peter, iii., 8.

Old people tell the present generation the very unpleasant truth that it is wanting in courtesy. I dare say some people think this is a subject hardly worthy of a sermon—that manner is nothing if we have kindness of heart—that the diamond is none the worse for being in the rough, and so on. Nevertheless, I take leave to plead for courtesy as a great ornament, if it be not an essential of Christianity. If we are the household of God, surely the bearing of one member of that household towards another is not an unimportant thing. We do not give the members of a family credit for mutual love if we see no outward expression of that love between them.

Now God is pleased to call Himself, in Holy Scripture, the Husband of His Church, "Thy land shall be married;" "As the Bridegroom rejoiceth over the Bride, so shall thy God rejoice over Thee." Philologists tell us that Husband means Houseband, *i.e.*

the band of the House—the bond that unites the Household. That bond is charity, as personified in the Great Spouse, Christ Jesus.

And I hold courtesy high enough to regard it as not only the outward expression of Love, but its guard and keeper. I look upon it that just as Catholic ritual (by which I understand, not the mere ceremonial detail of any particular Church, but the general aspect and conduct of worship which characterizes the whole Catholic Church) is the shrine of Catholic truth—even as the shell is the shrine of the kernel—so courtesy is the shrine of charity and kindness.

Wherefore the Apostle would have us "put on bowels of mercies, kindness, humbleness of mind, meekness." And that humbleness of mind is the same word in the original, as is here translated "courteous," as though courtesy were the natural expression and result of humbleness of mind.

I know very well that courtesy is often feigned in what are called well-bred people, that it is often a cloak for mere worldly selfishness and even villainy. But I think that though the courtesy that does not spring from the heart, often apes true courtesy, yet it may often be detected by the manner of those who use it towards their inferiors, or to those over whom they happen to have some accidental advantage. One of our living authors says nobly, "Every woman is a lady in right of her sex." I call that a true Christian sentiment, for without Christianity, woman would

never hold the high place in society which she now has and ought to have. But your would-be fine gentlemen does'nt hold to that code who takes the best of the pavement and makes a poor old woman move into the road, or who is less refined and courteous in his manner and conversation towards his humbler sisters than he would be to women in his own station.

Now one often hears bluntness of manner praised as if it were always the sign of a candid person, as if it were really a good thing of itself. I cannot think it is. I think it is quite as often a cloak for mere insolence. I think that one of the great benefits that Christianity has done to society, is that it has improved men's manners, so that we may regard the mediæval motto, "manners makyth man," as the outgrowth of Christian civilization.

Christianity took the wild, lawless warrior, and made him the brave but gentle Christian knight—the defender of the weak—the ornament of the Christian court—the pattern of the Christian layman—the hero of the generous deeds that make us honour the name of chivalry. Could men who had been told the story of the Son of Mary do ought but strive to win for woman her rightful place in social life? Woman had given birth to Him who was Perfect God. If God thus honoured her, much more must man. Woman had her highest type of perfection in Mary, the Mother-maid, and reflecting her glory and grace, should teach man the gentler social virtues of Christianity. Thus in the

middle ages did "our Lady" become the accepted type of all that is morally beautiful and becoming in a Christian woman.

Thus we know why we should be kind to the weak and poor and lowly. It is because they are the household of God. It is because they are our brethren in the family of the meek and lowly Jesus, because Mary was weak and poor and lowly. Why is it that men so often forget to "order themselves lowly and reverently" to those who are over them in the Church or in society? Why is it that the old-fashioned salute between priest and people is so often neglected now except among well instructed Christians. It is that we have forgotten the bond that binds together the household of Christ, the outward courtesy is gone, and the inward respect for each other is in danger of going too. For courtesy is, as I said, the guard and keeper of charity, the ritual of Christian love.

This waning of proper feeling is observable in every relation of life, especially between master and servant The superior expects too much of the inferior and gives too little. The inferior on his part grudges the token of courtesy to one who never acknowledges his salute.

For the salute should be mutual. When Boaz went into the field, he said to the reapers, "The Lord be with you," and they answered, "The Lord bless thee," a courtesy which the Church has raised into a ritual act of mutual blessing between priest and people, "The Lord be with you; And with thy spirit."

The upper classes have too often expected a homage

from their humbler brethren, and have not shown any courtesy in return. How can we wonder that in an age like this, when "all seek their own, not the things which are Jesus Christ's"; in an age when so many want to seem better than they are, and to bring down others to their level, or presume on their own "little brief authority," the *religious* obligation of mutual courtesy should drop out of mind?

Oh we are too proud, that is why we lack courtesy. "My brethren be not many masters, knowing that we shall receive greater condemnation." "If any man offend not in word, the same is a perfect man, and able also to bridle the whole body." When the Apostle warned us to "be all of one mind, to love as brethren, to be pitiful, to be courteous," it is but of a piece with the whole Spirit of God's word. "Be ye kind one to another." "Mind not high things, but condescend." "Put on kindness, humbleness of mind."

And do remember how much there is in manner, whether it be our duty to entreat, to rebuke, to reason, to control, let all be done with courtesy. A reproof enters far more into the heart if it be directed "like the rain into the fleece of wool," than if it descend in a thunderstorm. Sound reasoning is far more likely to convince, if it be offered in courteous words. Comfort is more soothing and sweet if it be couched in "comfortable words," like those which "our Saviour Christ saith unto all that truly turn to Him," than if it be offered roughly and without tact or gentleness.

Depend upon it courtesy is a far higher virtue than

is generally supposed. It was not meant merely to adorn courtly circles. It was doubtless one of those good things which was lost in Adam. When man lost the society of God and had to endure hardness "in the sweat of his brow," it was hurtful to his manners.

And the more he lost the original light, the more savage he became, woman falling with him and losing her rank in social life, as a weaker vessel, and still being deprived of it to this day in all countries where Christ the Pattern-Man is not known.

For here is the key to this text, "Be courteous," "Learn of me for I am meek and lowly in heart." Jesus is our pattern in courtesy, lowliness being the mother of true courtesy. For what is this that He said of Himself but the characteristic of the *gentleman*, the man who is *gentle?* "In lowliness of mind let each esteem other better than himself" is the Christian precept of courtesy for all who from pride of birth or station, or talents, or wealth, condescend to the vulgarity of pride.

"Is not this the carpenter's son" we say to ourselves, as we are told of Jesus in the Temple. Yet that reputed Son of Joseph, even in His human lineage, can show a pedigree that would shame the oldest peerage, and yet despite all this He "Came not to be ministered unto, but to minister," forgot His Father's glory, "made Himself of no reputation, but took on Him the form of a servant,"—"humbled Himself," to teach us not the least of His Holy Lessons, the lesson of humility and of courtesy. "Know ye

what I have done unto you," said He, after He had washed His disciples' feet. "Ye call me Master and Lord, and ye say well, for so I am." "For I have given you an example that ye should do as I have done to you."

THE CHRISTIAN FAMILY.

"*Behold I and the Children which God hath given me.*'
Hebrews ii., 13.

THE Apostle quotes these words from the 8th chapter of Isaiah, and applies them to us. We are the children whom God has given to our Lord. "Forasmuch as the children are partakers of flesh and blood, He also Himself likewise took part of the same." Because He has taken our nature upon Him we become of one family, with Him for our Head.

Therefore S. Paul so often speaks of the Church as a Family. "Jesus Christ, of whom the whole Family in Heaven and Earth is named." For just as every member of a family takes its surname from the head, so we take our name Christian from Christ. So also he often speaks of a Christian family as a little Church, because it is at once a part and type of the Universal Church. "Salute Nymphas and the Church which is in his house." So again he would have his converts behave to "the elders as fathers"; to "the younger as sisters with all purity." So he calls the Church the "household of faith."

Home is a very holy word my friends. "I and the children which God hath given me." That is the Home view which our Lord takes of us as He looks on us now, and thinks our earth was once His Home (and still is in a sense), and that we are His Family.

I want you then in the few words I am going to say, to remember that as the Church is the Family of Christ in Heaven and Earth, so every Christian family is a part and type and reflexion of the larger family, the Church of God. This thought will help us to realize that a Christian family is a religious society founded on certain rules.

I will take a plain homely view of our duty as members of such family.

I don't think that fathers often enough reflect that they represent to their children the Fatherhood of God. But how often God teaches us this in Holy Scripture. For in the days of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, those patriarchs were the heads of their respective tribes, and were looked up to in the three-fold light of Prophet, Priest and King. Each family looked up to the Father both for temporal and spiritual blessings, and the Patriarchal Priesthood was the common law of God's people till the time of Moses.

The ordinance of the Passover testified to the same idea of a household religion. Though the priestly office was confined to the tribe of Levi and the lineal descendants of Aaron, yet there was one great religious act in which the head of the family bore a conspicuous part. Each head was to take a lamb for his family and

kill it and eat it with unleavened bread and bitter herbs. That was a foreshadowing of the offering of the Lamb of God on the Cross; and in the memorial of that sacrifice, both priest and people bear their part. And when that offering is then pleaded, the Eternal Father looks on the face of His Christ, and in Him He sees a representative of the "great Family in Heaven and Earth." He sees the Head of that Family "from whom the whole body, by joints and bands, having nourishment ministered," grows up in Christ, and because He loves that Son who has made Himself the Husband of our Race, the Father looks down on us with redoubled kindness and love, and gives us that glorious assurance, "I will receive you and will be a Father unto you, and ye shall be my sons and daughters."

Therefore in the Primitive Church they taught the baptised the Lord's Prayer, because they had then "received the Spirit of Adoption, whereby we cry Abba Father."

We can hardly think of our dear Lord at all without connecting Him with a family. What scene is that which Christian Painters so love to draw? The Holy Family.—The Blessed Mother kneeling over the "Holy Child Jesus," and S. Joseph standing reverently by. Or if they draw the Crucifixion, it is still a family scene. While He bears the weight of "our sins in His own Body on the tree," He thinks of His Mother and the beloved Disciple as they stand there under the Cross, and He commends them to each other,—

"Woman, behold thy Son;" "Behold thy Mother." Domestic love still claims His attention, so much that the void which His death would make, He filled up by giving S. John to supply, as far as might be, His place to His Mother. Even now, when the Head of the Great Family is on the Right Hand of God, we love to draw for ourselves a domestic picture in Heaven. Mary is there. The Father, and the Son, and the Holy Spirit rejoice in their mutual relation, and the Mother rejoices in Her meekness, that nothing can ever undo that relationship in which she has once and for ever been placed.

How thoughts like these ought to raise the dignity of domestic relationship in our eyes. Did every head of a family reflect that he represents such a husband as Jesus to His Church, such a Father as the Eternal Father, should we stand in need of such warnings as "Be not as a lion in thy house, nor frantic among thy servants." "Fathers, provoke not your children to wrath lest they be discouraged." Should we need to be told that a father must be able to rule his own household, and that he is answerable for the souls of his children if he has injured them by want of discipline on the one hand, or want of kindness on the other? Alas! alas! how many Elis there have been who have not known how to rule their own households, though they could govern themselves. And how many there have been, who, in the integrity of their heart, thought to rule by fear and not by love; and so their children only obeyed them in their presence, and, when they escaped

from their rule, ran from the excess of strictness to the extreme of laxity.

For you can't teach your children Christianity, that is, the real heart religion of Christ, by rule, as you teach them their multiplication table. You can but tell them about their Heavenly Father, and about Jesus and the Holy Spirit. They must learn from your example how good it is to love and serve God.

And, while we are talking of example, only think of the harm that is done to children in conversation. Parents sometimes talk before their children about things which they ought not to talk of at all, and least of all before their children. Ah! they don't think of their children as having been given them by God; they don't think of them as Jesus thinks of us, "I and the children which God hath given me." They don't reverence their children. It is a very dark day for a child when it first learns that it cannot look up to its parents as examples. It is often the beginning of that child's fall from baptismal purity when it sees in its parents the same faults for which it has been so often punished itself, and thinks how very little the earthly father is like what it has been told of its Heavenly Father.

The reason why he is so little like God, is that the parent does not look on himself as being, so to speak, in God's place for his child's good. He does not think of his little flock as Jesus thought, when He said, "Of those whom Thou gavest me I have lost none."

Then parents do harm to their children by incon-

sistency, not reflecting that children judge by acts as well as words, and if the parent talks piously about religion one moment, and the next betrays his eagerness about the state of the funds, or about the last gossip, or his coming dinner, or indulges in foolish talking and jesting which are not convenient, CAN his children learn from him to hallow their Heavenly Father's name? Common experience says No!

And yet there are sincere men who thus mar the good they do, who try to govern their households, but have never learnt to govern themselves, and who will never have their children's thorough confidence even if they gain their obedience. And I say all this not at all in exculpation of undutiful children, but merely to show that a father has no right to expect too much from human nature. It is very hard for poor human nature to do its duty, simply because it is its duty, when those to whom such duty is due will not meet it half-way. It is very hard for a child to give love and reverence to one who shows no affection in return. Grace will help the child to give its love, even when it receives little or none in return, and the poet says beautifully of such an offering—

"Talk not of wasted affection—affection never was wasted;" that "if it enrich not the heart of another, its waters return back to their springs and refresh them," that "that which the fountain sends forth returns again to the fountain," and is not lost, though it was given away; yet rather it is not lost, *because* it was given.

"I and the children which God hath given me."

How shall we order the child? said Manoah to the Angel. How shall we order the Child? was doubtless the secret prayer of the Blessed Virgin Mary. We can picture to ourselves the orderly house of Mary and Joseph; the house in which "Jesus grew up in wisdom and stature, and in favor with God and man." There was one in that house besides the head of the family who had the forming and guiding, if one may dare to say so, of the Infant Mind of Jesus. It was His Mother. If the father and husband stand to the family in the place of the Eternal Father, and of Christ the Spouse of His Church, then the mother and housewife should remember she fills the place which Mary filled in the House of Nazareth, and that the Virgin Mother is her pattern. What an influence the mother may have over the children which God has given her; what a gentle influence over the rougher nature of her boys; what a genial example of meekness and kindliness to her daughters, may she be, the one to whom they look for comfort in their little sorrows, and advice in their young trials. Surely we should not hear so much of undisciplined children if home were happier, more peaceful, more Christian; the father, just and gentle, like Joseph; the mother, learning to imitate the virtues of "Mary, the Mother of Jesus;" the children, honouring and loving both, and learning daily to follow the steps of the "Holy Child Jesus."

"Charity (that is Christian love), begins at home." Home is the place where we learn to be like the house-

hold at Nazareth, where we may think of the "family in Heaven and Earth," where we may learn through sorrow and joy, how with love to fill our place in the earthly family, that we may one day be meet "to behold the face of our Father which is in Heaven."

SHIBBOLETH.

"*Then said they unto him, say now Shibboleth.*"—
Judges xii. 6.

THE word Shibboleth has become a proverb for religious exclusiveness.

We will just glance at the context, and then I will speak to you for a few moments about the Shibboleths of religious exclusiveness.

The story records a battle between two of the tribes of Israel (a significant fact!) the men of Gilead and the men of Ephraim. We are told how the Gileadites took the passages of Jordan, "and it was so when those Ephraimites which were escaped said, Let me go over, that the men of Gilead said unto him, say now Shibboleth, and he said Sibboleth, for he could not frame to pronounce it right. Then they took him and slew him at the passages of Jordan."

The Gileadite then, we make the impersonation of religious exclusiveness; while the Ephraimite cannot quite accept the cut and dry religious phrases of a mere party, and is therefore condemned as unsound in the

faith. The passages of Jordan are supposed to be in possession of these exclusive Gileadites, and, according to them, you cannot pass into the promised land of Heaven, unless you can say "Shibboleth."

We have all had more or less bitter experience of this kind of thing. We all know the well-meant, but mistaken Puritan feeling which makes Sunday a hateful day to children, and a hypocritical day to grown-up people. The Shibboleth of the party is the "Sabbath," a term quite unknown in the Church of Christ as applied to Sunday. Then there are certain pet doctrines, which by some religionists are put before us as a test of our Christianity—such as justification by faith alone and predestination, for example. And if we cannot echo them satisfactorily, we are held to be "strangers from the covenant of promise."

These Shibboleths are the "all in all" of sects outside the Church. One of the Inspectors of schools reported the other day that the poor little presbyterian children in the North of Scotland, though well versed in the "Eternal decrees," and very familiar with the designs of Providence, were quite ignorant of the name of our Lord's mother, or even of Adam and Eve.

These Shibboleths, of which I have given a few instances, are of course merely the symbols of religious exclusiveness, and the thing to attack is the evil itself. Nevertheless, it is worth while to attack the externals of a system, for they are often the stronghold of the system itself.

Well now, we, the catholic party in the Church of

England, are a steadily increasing body, and we shall leave a mark on the age in which we live. And there are one or two things to which we shall do well to take heed, lest our name in time to come be a laughing stock and an offence.

We must not have any Shibboleths of our own which the Catholic Church has not recognised. We must beware of the narrow exclusive spirit which often attaches to a body of persons who feel that they have a call of God to some special work. We must get out of the way of using mere cant phrases (there are plenty of them among High Churchmen) and of looking at all people who won't use them as mere "protestants." We must get out of the way of talking as if we were the only party in the Church that does any "work." And we must try and avoid that excessive form of godliness which some of our younger friends indulge in, a want of *naturalness* in their postures of reverence, an excessive use of them, an use of them which is not as habitual in our chambers as in church. For instance, a slight inclination of our head at the blessed name is quite sufficient for all purposes of reverence, and a bow or curtsey in going in and out of church is more seemly and proper than the genuflexion which attracts people's notice.

And so with the use of the sign of the Cross. These and all other outward tokens of reverence should be done without fuss or display, otherwise they become practical Shibboleths, separating those who use them from other Christians who do not, and making them

think slightingly of their Christianity or their Churchmanship.

Yes, Christian society would be much improved if we abstained from saying to each other, "Say now Shibboleth," and if we also abstained from condemning each other for not framing or pronouncing the cant phrase aright. For people are not necessarily wretched or outcast, or uncatholic, because in little things like these they happen to think and do differently to ourselves.

Sometime ago, two great officers of the Roman Church—they were Inquisitors—were arrested and deprived of their liberty in Rome for allowing a book to be passed which contained some slighting remarks on the temporal power of the Pope.

How many there are in England who would like to do the same sort of thing by us. "Be not ye therefore like unto them." Don't go to your neighbour and ask him to say your Shibboleth, and then when he is unable or unwilling, think evil of him in your heart because he goes a little beyond your measure, or falls a little short of it. For your measure may not be "after the shekel of the sanctuary," nor the measure of the Cross, nor the law of the Church, or of charity.

In a word, the Shibboleth principle is not the principle of Christianity. And the great test of our Churchmanship is that we thoroughly accept "the faith once delivered to the Saints," and of our Christianity that we love Christ and strive to follow Him.

CHRISTIAN WORSHIP.

"*The first day of the week when the disciples came together to break bread.*"—Acts xx, 7.

Two statements are made here. One that the early Christians observed the first day of the week as a holy day, the other that the way in which they observed it was by "breaking bread," *i.e.* by "the breaking of the bread,"—the holy eucharist. Ever since that time, Sunday, or the first day of the week, kept in memory of our Lord's rising again from the grave, has been the weekly festival of the Christian Church, and with the single exception of our part of the church (and that since the Reformation), it has been observed by the celebration of the Holy Communion. There is so much misconception on this point, that I think I cannot do better than speak of it to day.

I start then with this principle—That it is *primâ facie* the general duty of every Christian priest to celebrate Holy Communion at least every Sunday and festival, and of every Christian lay person to be present

at that celebration. And I say this because that service is the only public service appointed to Christians by Divine command, and because Sunday is the day above all others which, as we read in holy scripture, was kept in this manner, *i.e.* by the public assembly of the faithful, for the celebration of the Christian sacrifice.

Let us consider the Sunday question first apart from its observance in church. It is called in holy scripture "the first day of the week." Whenever we read of the weekly day of observance by Christians as a body, we read of it as "the first day of the week," "the Lord's day." Thus S. Paul says "On the first day of the week, let every one of you lay by in store as God hath prospered him." So in the text we read how they met together on the first day of the week. So S. John "was in the spirit on the Lord's day." Why was this day so dear to them? It was because it was the day of the resurrection of their Lord—their day and His day of triumph.

Therefore in the New Testament we read no more about the seventh day, the Saturday or Sabbath, as binding on Christians. On the contrary, S. Paul says "Let no man judge you in respect of the new moon, or of the sabbath days, which were a figure of that which is to come, but the body is of Christ."

Even so, our blessed Lord, whenever He spoke of the sabbath, spoke of it as a thing which, in its Jewish sense, was to pass away. The Pharisees were angry because he had healed a man on that day and he told them that it was lawful to do well on the sabbath.

The disciples plucked the ears of corn as they went along and he defended them saying "The sabbath was made for man and not man for the sabbath." And "the son of man is Lord also of the sabbath day."

We ought to get out of the way of calling Sunday the Sabbath. It only confuses and misleads the ignorant, and degrades the Christian festival into a mere Jewish observance.

In early times it seems that Christians kept both the Sabbath and the Lord's day, and therefore, though we never read in the New Testament that the Sabbath was binding, yet, as a matter of custom they observed it, probably because it gave them an opportunity of finding the Jews assembled together and of pressing the truth upon them. The church still keeps up the tradition of the observance of Saturday, as you will see by looking at the old hymn "O quanta qualia illa Sabbata," appointed for Saturday. So we especially call Saturday in Holy week, the "Great Sabbath," because our Lord on that day kept the last true Sabbath that ever was kept, by resting in the grave. He thereby fulfilled the Sabbath, which was a figure of our Lord's sojourn in the tomb, and of that rest which "remaineth for the people of God," as you will see by referring to Heb. iv, 9. From that time the day of observance was changed from the seventh day to the first. The reason for the Jewish Sabbath no longer existed. A "new commandment" supervened and the weekly feast of the resurrection took the name of the Lord's day and in latter times of Sunday; but never

(except in a loose incorrect way of speaking) of the Sabbath. And it is as interpreted by the universal custom of the Catholic Church that we read and receive the fourth commandment.

Don't you go and make Sunday a disagreeable day for your children. Some people think it right to withhold all playthings from their children on Sundays and so make their life a burden to them. This is a mistake, and is likely to encourage either hypocrisy or wearisome formalism.

I would teach a child as I would teach a grown-up person, to look on Sunday as a joyful day. I would take it to worship during the shewing forth of its Lord's death at the altar (I remember that was the service which most impressed me as a child), but I would not make children come to all the services and sermons in the day and so weary them. I would not keep them in the house or the school all day, or forbid them the recreation which is so necessary for their overflowing spirits; above all, I beseech you, as you love souls, don't tempt a child to hate its bible, by making it learn portions of it by heart, as a task or punishment.

And I would not be the man to forbid reasonable recreation on the Lord's day for grown-up people, who have been hard worked all the week; but I would have them remember that their first duty is to be present at "the breaking of the bread," *i.e.*, at that service which alone God has commanded—the celebration of the Holy Eucharist. That was the sign of Christian com-

munion in the early days, when the church was free from corruption, "They continued steadfastly in the apostles' doctrine and fellowship, and in (the) breaking of (the) bread, and in (the) prayers." Come to mattins if you can; come to litany and to evensong if you can; come on week days, and, above all, on saints' days if you can; but remember your first scriptural duty is that contained in the text "On the first day of the week, when the disciples came together to break bread."

This has been the custom of the church from the first, on every Sunday at least, to have "Jesus Christ evidently set forth crucified among" us, in the commemorative sacrifice of the altar, and to make that the great central act of Christian worship, to which all other services should be subservient.

You know there is a great deal of talk just now about the reunion of divided Christendom; I pray God every day, as some thousands do, that that blessed event may happen in God's good time; and if all Christians prayed for that great blessing, it would not end in talk. With united prayer, we should besiege the throne of grace and not let our God depart till He had thus blessed us. I think I see returning signs of this great consummation in the religious movement of the day. I am not now speaking about ritual—I do not under-value that—but I speak of catholic *practices*, which lie deeper still. I speak of the restoration, in our church, of the weekly celebration of the Divine Mysteries and of their rightful place as *the* act of worship ordained by God.

The daily eucharist is a still further point gained, but I do not touch upon that because I am now speaking of Sunday worship.

I do not believe our rightful claim to antiquity and to be catholic equally with Rome and Greece, will be recognized by the rest of the church, unless we show in this particular respect of our Sunday worship at the altar, that we are the descendants of those who continued steadfastly in the apostles' doctrine and fellowship, and in the breaking of the bread, and who came together on the Lord's day for that purpose.

Pray then, my friends, for the glorious object of the "Association for promoting the unity of Christendom," and as we bid God speed to those who watch and work and pray for it, let us go back in thought to the "upper room" at Ephesus, where the great apostle spoke his farewell words of tender warning, and let us remember that then Christians were "all of one heart and one soul," as they went to celebrate their Lord's death. Aye, go back to that first "upper room" in Jerusalem and think that on the same night in which He instituted this great mystery, the prayer of Jesus went up to Heaven for the same object which we have in view "As Thou, Father, art in Me and I in Thee, that they also may be one in us."

PARDON.

"Come now and let us reason together saith the Lord, though your sins be as scarlet they shall be as white as snow, though they be red like crimson they shall be as wool."—Isaiah i. 18.

ISAIAH the "Evangelical Prophet," as he is called, foresaw one grand distinguishing mark and gift of the Gospel dispensation—the gift of pardon. That is what the Gospel was to bring to man. That was one of the Saviour's offices. "He hath sent me to preach deliverance to the captives." (of sin). He foresaw the office of that Blessed Spirit who should complete the work of Christ, convincing the world of sin, but pleading with those convinced of sin and assuring them of pardon. For it is pardon and peace that sinful man wants, and if he does not know that, "he knoweth nothing yet as he ought to know."

Now it matters not how the voice of the Eternal Spirit and of the Father and of Christ invites us to this conference. "Come now and let us reason to-

gether," or how we have listened to the call. It may have been that we have yielded gradually to a sense of the claims that Christ has on us, or it may have been almost like a sudden inspiration from above, for who shall limit the ways of God!

The fact that God has pleaded with us, and that we have not resisted Him, but have yielded to Him, is the great fact for the Christian.

The love of Jesus reasoning with us through the Holy Spirit, The Precious Blood bringing redemption to us, even the forgiveness of sins, remission of sins given in His Name, these are the ways in which the words of Isaiah are verified in the New Testament. And this reasoning of God with the soul goes on all our life through, unless we resist God and shut our ears and hearts against Him.

What a loving tender phrase is that "Come now and let us reason together." You know how a wise parent deals with an erring child. A truthful child always betrays itself when it has done wrong, and a wise parent invites that child in the same sort of way as God invites the sinner. "Come now and let us reason together," and it is just that loving way that wins the child.

The very consciousness of sin, the self reproach, the faintest approach to sorrow with us who are the children of our Heavenly Father, what are these but the voice of Jesus pleading with us through the Eternal Spirit? "Come now and let us reason together." And when that sorrow ripens into repentance, and we

realise what sin is, what it is to be alienated from God, to feel the burden of God's anger for sin, to feel our need of a Saviour, then, and not till then the soul utters that piercing cry, as if, like Esau, it were about to lose its birthright for ever. "Bless me, even me also, O my Father!"

And so faith lays holds on the merits of the Crucified, and as we let go all the broken reeds of our own righteousness, and only submit ourselves to Him, we learn the blessedness of the words, "Cry unto her that her iniquity is pardoned." "Though your sins be as scarlet they shall be as white as snow." "I have blotted out as a thick cloud thy transgressions, and as a cloud thy sins."

Oh, but I am not a miserable sinner, some one says, and these words are not for me, I never needed a Saviour specially for me, for have I not been baptized, am I not a communicant. Have I not received the Holy Spirit in confirmation! And yet my friends we are not to be envied if we cannot cry from our hearts with St. Paul, "Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners *of whom I am chief*."

Alas, in most congregations there are persons very respectable, very virtuous, very regular at Church, and yet how dead, how cold, how unawaked, in what a fatal security about their souls, unconsciously doing what the Apostle said was so fatal an error, "going about to establish their own righteousness."

Well, what would you have us do, perhaps some one may say. Nothing my friends, nothing till you know

how miserable you are in God's sight. Nothing till you can get out of your heads that great mistake that you are anything but a miserable sinner. Nothing till you can cry in your heart, "O wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from the body of this death," for then only will you be able to cry aright, "I thank God (I am delivered) through Jesus Christ."

But surely there is something in the text more than a mere doctrine, or sentiment. What do Christ and the Holy Spirit say to the sin-laden soul, "Come now and let us reason together; though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow." It seems great unreason to many, that God should thus deal with us, at least by any sign or pledge of His forgiveness. But I am here to speak about the manner in which God is pleased to convey His pardon.

When Lazarus was raised from his grave, our Lord seeing him bound hand foot with grave clothes, said—"Loose him, and let him go." When God the Holy Spirit convinces a man of sin; when Jesus raises him from the death of sin, He says to His ministers—"Loose him, and let him go." For man wants *to know* that he is pardoned. The prodigal wants a sign that he is restored to his father's favor. He hears the words—"Though your sins be as scarlet, . . . they shall be as wool," but he wants to know those words are for him. We know that medicine is sent to heal us, but if we are really ill, we send for the doctor and ask him to apply the medicine. God, too, has His physicians for the soul. The "blood of Jesus Christ"

is the medicine, the Priest is the physician who applies it. "He hath given unto us the ministry of reconciliation, to wit that God was in Christ, reconciling the world unto Himself, and hath committed unto us the word of reconciliation." Our dear Lord has left this, among His other legacies to his Church—"Whosoever sins ye forgive, they are forgiven." It is part of that blessed Gospel which we are commissioned to deliver you. Only, those who would seek this special assurance of pardon by private confession, and absolution, must first feel their need of it. And therefore the Church is, not only in Advent, but always, sounding forth to the end of time that cry to sinners—"Be ye reconciled to God;" "Behold the Bridegroom cometh, go you out to meet Him." Has Christ never thus reasoned with any here? Has He never told your conscience that God has sent His priests to be the ministers of the Precious Blood in Absolution—that your souls may be made white in that Blood—that you may know the promise is for you—"though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow!" Have you never resisted that call? Have pride and shame never stood in the way of your using that Great Gift? Oh! if it is so, quench not the Holy Spirit any longer, do as He tells you,—let Him reason with you,—let Him tell you in one grand crowning act of love that blessed news. "I have loved thee with an everlasting love." "I have blotted out as a thick cloud thy sins, return unto me, for I have redeemed thee."

VIGIL OF ALL SAINTS.

"*And the King said unto him, come thou over with me, and I will feed thee with me in Jerusalem.*"—II. Samuel, xix., 2.

ALL history, but especially Bible History, has its poetical side. For poetry, as I was reading a day or two ago, is "the pure unearthly essence of things." Now the pure unearthly essence of Bible History is not its mere historical truth, but its spiritual truth, and spiritual truth is the highest form of poetry. The history of David is especially a witness to this. He is taken as the type as well as the progenitor of Jesus, the Son of David.

We will regard this part of David's history then as a poem, suitable for All Saints' Day. This story tells us how David was returning to Jerusalem after the battle with Absalom. He was escorted as far as Jordan by a host of people, among whom was Barzillai, who "had provided the king of sustenance while he

lay at Mahanaim, for he was a very great man." He begged Barzillai to come over Jordan with him, and come to the Court at Jerusalem. We will thus adapt the story to a spiritual truth. The battle with Absalom is the warfare of the Church against sin. David is Jesus, "the Captain of our Salvation;" Jerusalem is the Heavenly City; Jordan is the River of Death, through which man passes to live with the King, when He calls "Come thou over with me, and I will feed thee with me in Jerusalem," We will regard the story then as a poem on the "Communion of Saints." The battle is for ever being won by God's Saints, and for ever He is calling the victorious ones through the Jordan of death to the promised land of their inheritance. God has many ways of calling us, my friends. He calls us as He called Samuel before we "know the Lord," that is by our heart and conscience. He calls us through the waters of baptism (the Jordan of our covenant), into Jerusalem, where He feeds His lambs in the green pastures of the Church. That great sacrament is but once to be done, for it is the one death of Jesus, applied to our souls, as the other great sacrament is His life also. We pass through the grave of water to our joyful resurrection, as He passed through the gate of death to His glorious Easter. Oh what multitudes, what "nations of the saved," have passed, and will pass, through those waters to their rest. "Lo thy sons come, they come gathered together from the east to the west, by the word of the Holy One, rejoicing in the glory of God."

Now these words we may take as dividing the state of grace into three parts. *The sojourn* with the King, and the battle on this side Jordan, shall be our state of probation on earth. *The passage of Jordan* shall be death, and the state of the departed—the life of the soul during its temporary departure from the body. *Jerusalem* shall be the full enjoyment of the Heavenly City, where we "shall see the King in His beauty."

How the thoughts of All Saints' Day mix themselves up with these states. In all three, our souls are units in the "Communion of Saints," in all three they are "bound up in the bundle of life with the Lord our God." It is the King Jesus whom we entertain in this wilderness, as Barzillai entertained David. It is the King, who out of this wilderness is ever calling us to better things. It is the King who passes with us through the flood and hold us up, saying, "It is I, be not afraid." It is our King Jesus who greets us on the other side of Jordan;—only now how changed! He is on His throne "King of Kings, and Lord of Lords," girt about with ten thousands of His Saints, from every realm under Heaven.

Oh! what a grand thought it is that in no possible state are we alone and without our King, and without the "Communion of Saints!" What is life in the Church on earth, but the soul of one who belongs to Christ daily receiving grace from Him—daily fed by Him in a green pasture, and led forth by the waters of comfort;—buoyed up with the remembrance of the

great "cloud of witnesses" with which He is compassed about; realizing in faith and love the nearness of those who have gone before—the great community of interest and love which binds together "all those who love the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity and truth," whether in earth, or paradise, or glory. For as a dear old friend of mine used to say,—"It is but a thin veil which separates us from the world of spirits."

And then we think of Easter Eve. The gates of Hades burst through, and the souls there, looking up in love and gratitude to the conquering soul of Jesus. What has He done? He has made the place of the departed a happier place than before. His death and victory have let in a flood of light into the realms of souls, and a voice proclaims there a blessed Gospel. "Turn you to the Stronghold, ye prisoners of hope." "I am He that liveth and was dead, and behold I am alive for evermore, Amen, and have the keys of Hell and of death." "Come thou over with me, and I will feed thee with me in Jerusalem." Time and space make no difference to that ever fresh verity of the Catholic Religion—"I believe in the Communion of Saints."

Now what is all this to us? Everything, my friends! Everything that our King Jesus is with us, in life and in death;" "in the body and out of the body." Everything that in this life, and with the prospect of another life, of a day when the soul will wander forth alone (save with its Redeemer), into unknown regions; of another day too, a day of judg-

ment to everlasting life and death,—everything! I say, to remember what the "Communion of Saints" means, that armies of redeemed souls, "men of like passions with us," have lived on earth, and "fought the good fight," and won it too, over the Absalom of sin, and have passed away into another state, where "eternal rest is granted them, and the perpetual light" of the Royal Face of Jesus shines upon them. And if we keep such a festival as this of All Saints in anything like a worthy manner, we cannot fail to be better for it,—it cannot fail to bring a blessing to our souls,—it cannot but redound to God's glory,—it cannot but help us so to live here, that we may hear those words—"Come ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom." Come ye over with me, I will feed you with me in Jerusalem.

FLATTERY.

"*He shall come in peacably and shall obtain the kingdom by flatteries.*—Daniel ii., 21.

People have puzzled their heads in vain to find out the meaning of the prophecies of Daniel. Prince after prince is represented as succeeding to the kingdom by fraud, or treachery, or violence; and partisans of our own day make literary fortunes by fastening the stigma of these foretold antichrists on persons and systems which they either dislike, or fail to understand. Thus when the enemies of the faith write their books, they go about to establish the truth of the wise man—"When he that is a fool walketh by the way, his wisdom faileth him, and he saith to everyone that he is a fool;" and they remind us of the saying of Job, "Oh that mine enemy had written a book."

I do not know who is meant by this prince in the prophecy of Daniel who should "come in peacably and obtain the kingdom by flatteries," Perhaps he has gone ages ago to his long rest "with all his imperfec-

tions on his head;" but his sinful ambition is recorded on the imperishable page of Holy Scripture, and it warns us of one of the worst weapons of Satan—Flattery.

Let us think then about this besetting weakness of ours—openness to flattery.

The old old story of the Fall, is the story of a kingdom won by flattery. The kingdom was the heart of woman, and through her of the human race; and the prince who won that kingdom by flattery was "The prince of the power of the air, the spirit who now worketh in the children of disobedience."

Eve fell by flattery. I suppose we all allow that, though we are not told it in so many words. Well, I will not speak of the worst forms of sin into which we are led by flattery—by serpents as we say—in human form. I merely wish to point out that this form of temptation is a very facile one, and one to which we are all more liable than we think.

How easy it is to be induced to think we have some gift, or quality, or disposition, which our inmost heart tells us we have not got, or at any rate have not got it to the extent in which we are credited with it. We are off our guard in a moment; we do not like to question the sincerity or the goodness of motive which prompts people to praise us. We feel bound to think the praise comes from an honest and good heart, and while we are afraid of the praise—and we ought always to fear it however pleasant it may be—we likewise fear to run into the hateful fault of habitual suspiciousness. Thus, save for the Grace of God, we are perpetually

being assailed from two sides of the citadel, the fear of flattery, and the fear of harbouring unjust suspicion.

We Englishmen pride ourselves, rightly or wrongly, on our candour and openness. We like things, as we say, to be "above board," and this aspect of temptation —flattery—should be particularly displeasing to us. We admire our William the Conquerer because he took the kingdom with a right royal hand; not so the third king of that name perchance, still less him who won the throne of France by fraud and deceit. Wherefore we often repel a direct temptation to do a distinctly wrong act, pure and simple, but not when that suggested act comes to us hedged about with all sorts of specious arguments, all manner of plausible pretences, all kinds of appeals to our vanity, our selfishness, our pride, our good nature, our compassion.

Thus by plying both the good and bad parts of our heart, the Tempter "comes in peaceably and obtains the kingdom by flatteries."

The wicked king Joram sent messengers to Jehu, saying—Is it peace Jehu? and he answered, What peace! "Which things are an allegory" to us; for Satan, the wicked king, would be glad to have peace with us. It is in open warfare that we best overcome him. Therefore that prince sends messengers time after time, with judicious insinuations of our virtue, to seek an end of that warfare which we are pledged to wage with him to the end.

The Apostle speaks of a marvellous transformation of the author of evil. "Satan himself is transformed

into an angel of light." In this form he comes to tempt religious people, It would not do for him to come to them and say—" You know you like to do such and such things, although they are displeasing to God—Well! You can do them, and repent afterwards."—He did not so tempt Eve. He knew it would be no use. He meets religious people on their own ground, and tells them how good they are! He seeks to establish confidential relations with them. He pretends to give a religious reason for certain relaxations of our religious duties. He uses a little tact to gain his point. He drags us down a little from our high standpoint, and makes us a little more formal, and a little less real, a little more worldly and a little less prayerful, a little more time-serving and a little less Godserving, a little more prone to love ourselves and a little less ready to love our God. But he is a very bad spiritual adviser!

I doubt not religious fashion is pleasing to the devil. For instance it is considered the right thing for Christian women to make a demonstration of the Cross as a mere ornament. God forbid that I should speak against its use as a symbol, worn religiously to remind us of our dear Lord. But is that blessed symbol a fit thing to dangle from a woman's ear, or take its place among seals and lockets and charms and tokens at the end of a chain? The enemy of the faith is glad thus to drag down the Cross and make it common, especially if he can make those who so use it forget to have the Crucified in their hearts. I know this is done thoughtlessly,

and I entreat those who feel that their use of the Cross has not been reverent, not to take amiss what I have said, but to think over the matter well, and then act as their own hearts tell them they ought.

I think I have said all I need on this subject of temptation by flattery. It is good for us to think of this sad subject from time to time. Ever since the first man and woman fell, the tempter has tempted us each according to our particular weakness. Very few, it may be, are proof against this weakness of human nature—love of praise, openness to flattery, a liking, not at all, in itself, blameable, or unamiable—to be thought well of by our friends. But the door that is open to true friends is apt to be entered by enemies under that guise. Let not that Great Foe come in; and watch lest he climb up some other way. When he has won the kingdom by fraud or flattery, by peace or war, it will be very hard to turn him out, and so it may happen, which God of His infinite mercy avert, that our "last state may be worse than the first."

SINCERITY.

"*And straightway the father of the child cried out, and said with tears. Lord, I believe: help Thou mine unbelief.*"—S. Mark ix., 24.

It is a notable thing that our Lord should have required faith on the part of this child's *parent*, before He would work the miracle of healing. What a witness it bears to the goodness of Holy Church's rule about the vow of faith required of sponsors at the font.

The child was possessed of a devil; one of a kind that could not be cast out but by prayer and fasting. Think of the love of Jesus for each soul! He had fasted and prayed for this child specially, before He healed him. And yet He seemed at first almost to repel the father, till moved by his earnest entreaties. "*If* thou canst do anything, have compassion on us and help us." Again, our Lord delays the act of mercy, with the words—"*If* thou canst believe all things are possible to him that believeth." And then the poor distressed father cried out, as if he felt that Jesus knew his inmost soul, and as if he thought that

his want of thorough faith would lose him what he so earnestly wished—"Lord, I believe; help thou mine unbelief."

Because he doubted our Lord's power, when he said —"If thou canst do anything," Jesus tried his faith with—"If thou canst believe." With the father the healing depended on our Lord's power to work the miracle. Our Lord, on the other hand, let it seem to depend on the father's faith.

Now, I am not going to speak of demoniacal possession; nor yet of the father's defective faith, but I am going to speak of his sincerity. He was no Pharisee, this man; no flatterer, no hypocrite. Only, he had heard how Jesus of Nazareth "went about doing good, and healing all that were oppressed of the devil." for He came to destroy the works of the Devil, and therefore the evil spirits fled at His word. Well, he thought he would go and take his dear child, and if the kind stranger could and would heal him, what happiness it would be!

Nevertheless, he had his doubts about our Lord's power. He didn't know that the Galilean was more than man, and he honestly confessed his doubts and asked our Lord to help him where he doubted. This is what I call true sincerity.

For, mark me! he didn't boast of his want of faith. He didn't blaze it abroad to all the world with boast and swagger as your modern heretic does. No, he *wanted* to believe fully. It was grief and pain to him that he didn't see the whole truth. He didn't taunt

the Lord's disciples, because they believed more than he did. He envied them—but he was too honest to say he believed when he did not fully do so. "Behold an Israelite indeed, in whom is no guile." And that guilelessness, that honesty, that sincerity, our Lord rewarded.

Many good Christians have, at times, been troubled with unquiet thoughts of misbelief or doubt. And doubt has the nature of sin; it had in this man. There are times when this sin steals upon us, and we know not whence it comes. It stands before us in some more or less definite form, and vexes us till we go to Jesus and say honestly, Teach me this, O Lord. "Lord, I believe, help thou mine unbelief." "Then thought I to understand this, but it was too hard for me—until I went into the sanctuary of God."

But then we must go to our God in sorrow, not in a spirit of independence. It is not a thing of indifference that there are points of the faith which we cannot fully receive. It is a thing to grieve over and be ashamed of before our God. And there is this difference between the candid person who acknowledges his lack of faith, and the heretic who openly avows his error. The sincere man who cannot, as yet, fully believe, is *sorry* that he cannot, while the heretic is *glad* that he disbelieves.

That is a great difference, mind you. The first is a sin of weakness, the other is wilful. But there is another difference. What the Holy Spirit says of faith we may say of want of faith. Hast thou *want* of

faith? Have it to thyself before God. Don't boast of it before the world. Don't rush into print about it. Ask God to show you His will. Ask His Priests to help you. Tell it to your dearest friend, but never forget to be open before your God. Be sincere. As with our deeds, so with our faith. "Whatever ye do, do it heartily." Whatever you believe, believe heartily, for "Whatever is not of faith, is of sin."

Sincerity is a virtue which we prize very much in every day life. We like to be thought sincere. Therefore we are accustomed when we write a letter to a friend or acquaintance, to subscribe ourselves "Yours sincerely." And sometimes, I fear, it is rather a hollow phrase in these cases.

Well! God likes to have us use Him in the same way as we use our dearest friend. He likes a sincere man or woman. He would have us believe what we believe with all our heart. He loves one who sincerely confesses before Him what he does not believe, and wants to believe, and feels he ought to believe.

God does not love those who "dissemble and cloak their sins before" Him. And there are sins of the mind, as well as sins of the heart, and of the body; and sins of the mind are, for instance, doubts about the true faith, about God's power, God's providence, God's love, God's justice.

These doubts may come on us without any distinct wish on our part to indulge them, or they may come from a speculative habit of indulging in theories, and in fancies about "private judgment"--the fruitful mother

of nearly all error. Now, in these temptations, God wants us to be honest with Him. He wants no cant phrases; no shibboleth; no party watchword. Only He would have us go to Him like the father of the demoniac and say—"Lord, I believe; help Thou mine unbelief."

What a kind Friend to us is the "Father of our Lord Jesus Christ!" Earthly friends are sometimes too proud to help us to clear up a misunderstanding. But when we misunderstand Him, or fail to believe the faith of His Church, He helps us if we go to Him. He alone is long suffering, doesn't misunderstand us, doesn't take offence at us, doesn't fail us in our need. O friends, when we are in distress because there is something which troubles our faith, and seems to try it too much, when we feel almost as if there were no certainty—though we can never really do so—we who are children of the Holy Church, "the pillar and ground of the truth."—let us remember the reward of him who went to Jesus to heal his son, and would not hide his want of faith—"Lord, I believe, help Thou mine unbelief." Let us say in the words of an old servant of God,—"Lord, teach me to believe concerning this only what is pleasing to Thee, and profitable to my own soul."

"GLORIOUS BODY."

(Philippians iii. 21.)

THE words refer to our Lord's Body. Now, the Incarnation—by which "great mystery of godliness" the Body of our Lord came to be the eternal habitation of His Godhead—is the source of every blessing to us. Through "the Man Christ Jesus" came the blessings of healing to the bodies and of grace to the souls of His brethren.

That God should take to Himself a Body in the wondrous mystery of the Annunciation and of Christmas, that He should weep, and be weary, and suffer, and die, in that body, is our Lenten mystery; but that He should make that Human Body a "Glorious Body," this is our Easter "mystery of the Gospel;" that as we share His sufferings, so we should share His Resurrection Glory, this is our Easter promise: a further fact, another triumph in the History of the Body of Jesus. Easter, then, is the Forty Days of

"His Glorious Body," as Lent was the Forty Days of His Suffering Body."

"Glorious Body." Some change doubtless took place in the Body of the Redeemer while It lay in the grave, not a visible change it may be, though we are told the disciples did not always know Him after the Resurrection, and the Magdalene thought He was the gardener. It rose the same and yet a different Body; there were the same wounds in the Hands and Feet, and the same rent in the Side pierced by the spear. But that Body that could leave the Tomb with unbroken seals, and come in the midst of the disciples while the doors were locked, was no longer subject to pain, or disease, or hunger, or death, or any like laws which govern our bodies on earth, for It was a "Glorious Body."

Now, there is something told us about our Lord's Risen Life on earth in "His Glorious Body" which I want to speak of. After the Resurrection He only revealed Himself to His disciples, and "not to all the people." Only to His chosen ones did He speak of the things pertaining to the kingdom of Heaven, even the Church Catholic—God's kingdom of Grace. Why so? It was because His mission to the world was over. He was now going to leave a number of men to carry on the new work He had begun. He would leave to certain among them—His Apostolic Priesthood—rules for the government of His Church. What is that Church called in Holy Scripture? She is called the "Body of Christ." "We being many

are one Body in Christ." "We are all baptized into one Body." "We are members of His Body, of His Flesh and His Bones." See how our dear Lord identifies all the baptized with Himself. He calls them His Body; "Ye are the Body of Christ," says St. Paul. So He speaks of "the Church which is His Body, the fulness of Him who filleth all in all." See then how necessary the Incarnation is to us! First, God must take on Him our Body in order to save us. Again, after taking that Body, and bringing us into His Church, He calls that Church "His Body" too. Not only so. He did not merely take human flesh and make it His Body. He did not merely transplant us by Baptism into His Church, and make that His Body too, but He has made Himself necessary to us in a further blessing and mystery, "He took Bread and blessed and brake it, and said, Take, eat, this is My Body." The Blessed Sacrament then is His Body continually renewed to us in "The Holy Church throughout the World."

How then does the Resurrection of our Lord bear on this? It is thus: the Body which He took of the Blessed Virgin, the Body mystical which He made when He ordained His Church, the Body which He made in the Holy Eucharist, is made a "Glorious Body" by the Resurrection. Out of the old curse, "Dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return," the Human Body asserts in the risen Saviour its claim to the glorious Resurrection ordained for it of old. It is that, out of the old curse, "In the sweat of thy face

thou shall eat bread," the Body of the baptized is raised to "labour not for the meat which perisheth, but for that meat which endureth unto everlasting life." It is that each member of that Body is a member of Christ; aye, that each member of such member—the hand, and the foot, and the tongue, and the eye—are Christ's, to be raised out of Satan's service to work for Christ. It is that the corn, which once only fed the flesh, has now a higher use by the Resurrection, even to be the vehicle of the presence of Jesus, the "Corn of the Elect," The Bread of Life!"

Ah! dear friends, think this Easter, that ye, members of the risen Saviour, are part of "His Glorious Body." Are you worthy members? Or are fast and feast all alike to you, speaking nothing to the *heart* of *sorrow* for sin, or of joy for redemption, or of peace in believing, or of sweetness in pardon? Think, oh think, if your heart is not given to Jesus, you are spots in his white vesture, scars in His "Glorious Body!"

I have spoken of the Body of our dear Lord rising a "Glorious Body," and of the creation and glorifying of His Mystical Body and of His Sacramental Body. If the Church then and the Blessed Sacrament, being, as it were, the fruit of our Lord's Human Body, coming out of His Pierced Side, as Eve came out of the side of Adam—if they are, like the Human Body of Jesus, "Glorious Bodies," and if the Church be indeed "the fulness of Him who filleth all in all"—then we should treat them as "Glorious Bodies."

And this is just what we have specially aimed at, this Easter. Think now of these Bodies in connection with the Resurrection. The Church in this land has been undergoing a kind of Resurrection. Out of the grave of indolence and state tyranny and worldliness she began by God's grace to rise again to Her high mission some thirty years ago. But she was bound hand and foot with grave clothes, and seemed only half awake. The beauty of Catholic doctrine must be realized and accepted with our hearts before that beauty could be symbolized and expressed in Ritual.

So doctrine and spirituality of life were raised up among us by the renewing work of the Blessed Spirit, and now we are putting off "the garments of our widowhood," and putting on the wedding garments of our union with the Bridegroom. Something is telling the Church in this land that there are parts of the Bible which she has allowed to remain a dead letter, while the rest of the Church has obeyed them. "Thou shalt make holy garments for Aaron and his sons to minister before Me, *for glory and for beauty*," was God's command to Moses. Zion, the type of the Christian Church, was to be the "Perfection of Beauty." "The King's daughter is all glorious within, her *clothing* is of wrought gold," bringing incense to her King "in raiment of needlework."

But observe that it is set forth as a mark of degradation of the Jewish Church and nation that all this is changed, In the prophet Zechariah (ch. iii.) we find:—"Now, Joshua (the High Priest) was clothed

with filthy garments, and the Lord said, Take away the filthy garments; so they took away the filthy garments and clothed him with change of raiment," even with the garments of glory and beauty which befitted his priesthood. So, I think, the spirit of wisdom is urging the Church in the inspired words of Isaiah, "Awake, awake, put on strength, O arm of Zion; put on thy beautiful garments, O Jerusalem, the holy city, for henceforth there shall no more come in unto thee the uncircumcised and the unclean." "Shake thyself from the dust; loose thyself from the bands of thy neck, O captive daughter of Zion." So, again, we are listening to the voice of Malachi, foretelling the glory of the Church's Eucharistic Worship: —"My Name shall be great among the Gentiles, and in every place incense shall be offered unto My Name, and a pure offering."

Glorious churches built or restored all over the land; Ritual cared for, and the special privileges which you and other congregations enjoy to-day, bear witness that the Church is answering to this call. Dear friends, these solemn days of the Church with all their grand accompaniments, the vestments of the Altar and ministers, the rolling music, the incense rising up (a beautiful symbol of our prayers ascending as a sweet savour before the throne), and diffusing its fragrance like an emblem of God's love; the Lights reminding us of Christ's Presence, the Flowers telling of the Resurrection, the Cross telling of Jesus, the Procession telling of those who follow the Lamb, all

these are the Poetry of Religion (and remember Poetry is the Highest Truth—God's most solemn truths are told us in Poetry). In these the Church anticipates Her future glory, and in Her earnest desire "to be clothed upon" she puts on the white Resurrection Robe of Her Espousals with Her Lord.

Yes, my friends, God ever loved that inward beauty should be manifested by outward pomp and magnificence. God is outwardly royal and grand and magnificent in all His works of nature. Shall He be less outwardly grand in His creations of grace? Jesus is the Perfect Image of the Father's grandeur; and the Church is His Likeness, His Body; and the Blessed Sacrament the pledge of His earthly life among us. O then, as we have done to-day, we will ever honour Jesus in these modes and manifestations of "His Glorious Body," these images of Heavenly Things, and we will thank God that we have lived to see the outward tokens of this honour restored in our dear old Church of England.

But it is not the outward Feast alone with all its triumphant memories, and its beautiful accompaniments of sight, and smell, and sound, that makes a worthy Festival of the "Glorious Body." These are but the expressions of our Feast, only poor and worthless if not offered from the heart, if we do not accept God's love, and give Him ours. The quiet oratory of Mary, the stable at Bethlehem, the waste howling wilderness, the Garden of Gethsemane, the Hill of Calvary, the tomb in Joseph's garden—all the

scenes in our Lord's early life, say to us God loves you—Do you love God? For all tell of the joys and sorrows, and the death and victory of the "Glorious Body."

Ah, look around you, those fair flowers are tokens at once of the love of God in nature, and of His Grace in Resurrection. They have sprung from last year's withered stalks and roots and seeds. They are nature's Resurrection, they have with nature put no their beautiful garments, theirs is a "Glorious Body," theirs is a faint image of the Beauty of Holiness. But there are other flowers in this church immeasurably more beautiful than these. When Jesus, "the Rose of Sharon and the Lily of the Valley," rose from the dead, it was in a garden; and there He found a flower watered by tears of penitence, washed white by absolution in His Precious Blood. That flower was the blessed penitent, the absolved Mary Magdalene. Our Lord has planted us in His garden, the Church. He has grafted us on Himself, the True Vine. He has made us members of "His Glorious Body." O strive we to be worthy members, growing flowers, fruitful branches. His Church is His Body, clothed on with His White Robe, all shining with His reflected glory, bright and blest with His Presence; and Her Life and Beauty of Holiness, her unceasing communion with Her Lord in Holy Service of Eucharist and prayer and praise, through days of sadness and days of joy, is the way in which we chiefly sustain that inner life which keeps us bound to the "Glorious Body" of the Risen Saviour.

Friends, you have a part in this Risen Lord, this "Glorious Body." To that end ye were baptized that in that grave of water ye should be buried with Him and rise again. Oh, is there no answer from the heart for all this? Christ has burst the tomb to-day. Is there none that can burst the dull silent cold grave of the heart, where our love so often lies centred on other objects than Jesus? Oh, surely yes! The same power that burst the grave can raise us up to spiritual life, can quicken our deadness, can "take away the stony heart out of our flesh, and give us a heart of flesh!"

Christ has gained this grace for us by the Resurrection of "His Glorious Body." Ye have a pledge in that Body that He will give you all you need. Hold Him then, like the disciples, by those pierced Feet, and let Him not depart until you obtain your Easter Blessing. Though it be toward evening, and the day of your life be far spent, He will abide with you, and will say, "Peace be unto you."

Hail "Glorious Body" of Jesus! Thou hast made a show of Thy Divine Power openly, triumphing over the weakness of nature and the powers of darkness. By Thy glorious Resurrection raise us, we pray Thee, from the Death of Sin to the Life of Righteousness!

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